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As the softened twilight colors soothed his troubled spirit, he whispered, "No human companionship, no food without physical effort, perhaps unrewarded seclusion, but, in spite of all these facts, I am feeling a growing confidence that may bring me a solution". A little later he sat up vigorously and with a newborn strength heard himself saying aloud, "I'm used to privation, accustomed to extreme hardships. I'm a sturdy woodsman. I'm not suffering and I have not lost hope. I can endure but oh, how I need action - adventurous action!"

With each setting sun came the thought that the morrow might be a brighter day, something unforeseen could happen, some turning-point could be his where his knowledge of the rugged country could bring him financial aid. "That debt must be faced and paid", he told himself over and over again - "I can't escape".

Physical fatigue brought the reward of deep sleep and resulting rest and with each dawn the reassuring confidence that he could think his way out of this dilemma. Regardless of all this wishful thinking he was loath to admit that the light on his horizon was not over-bright.

Then one early morn, through the high Rhododendron and entangled Laurel strode a keen-eyed forceful adventurer, an exploring engineer - a cultured gentleman! Here was a vigorous and determined geologist, a stranger in the territory, looking for the "black stone" along the river valley.

Eager for information, the keen answers to his questions satisfied the geologist that here was a woodsman familiar with the stone ledges along the banks of the nearby river - a man whose knowledge would be invaluable in the search in which he (the explorer) was engaged.

Here was a man, thought Dan, who could perhaps understand the plight of this woodsman. Each man had a need and each had something to give in return.